



“Cutting Through the Fog of War”

SB1720 IS LAW!

In a press release issued 30 days after SB1720 reached his desk, Governor Schwarznegger announced on Sept. 29 he had signed the bill that VFP56 DU Committee members had worked so hard and for so long to put into law. SB 1720 is an act which will assist California military personnel to be tested for exposure to “depleted” uranium (DU) if they served in an area where the deadly munitions had been used.

That a small group of vets and associate members from sparsely populated northern California could bring about such a change in a state of 35 million

and in the face of opposition from the federal government is a tribute to the leadership provided by Committee Chair Peter Aronson and our State Senator Wes Chesbro. Members of the



PHOTO: International Action Day for a Ban on Depleted Uranium Weapons, Brussels, 5/11/2004

chapter’s DU Committee who were especially active on this issue include: Gordy Anderson, Rich Gilchrist, Fred Hummel, Eileen McGee, Laura Simpson and Steve Sottong. Kerry Hillis of Sen. Chesbro’s Sacto staff was as supportive and helpful as any human could be.

The last month has been challenging for VFP56 members as the Governor never indicated whether he would sign the bill or veto it. After a long year of work on the issue, the thought of organizing to override a veto didn’t bring smiles to many faces. But now it’s time to kick back, bring out the long-necked bottles and the Cuban cigars and enjoy the hell out of what we’ve accomplished. Then get back to work.

—Fred Hummel

All Veterans Sought for Stand Down

The time is drawing near for the first North Coast Stand Down at the Humboldt County Fairgrounds in Ferndale, and organizers are encouraging veterans throughout Humboldt and Del Norte Counties to participate.

The three-day event is set for October 14–16, and will offer all veterans numerous services to enrich their lives. With 35 service providers signed up already, veterans will have access to medical and informational services all in one area. Participants will be able to get free supplies such as rain gear, and services ranging from housing assistance to PTSD counseling.

The last meeting for people wanting to volunteer will be held at the Humboldt County Fairgrounds in Ferndale on October 6th. The meeting will be held outside at the

Fairgrounds on the bleachers located on the grass.

On Sunday, October 15, All Veterans Day—featuring vets from all eras and theaters of war—there will be a tri-tip and chicken BBQ with entertainment by local bands.

Organizers are asking interested veterans to pre-register so that they may be better served. Buses and vans will be available to transport veterans from many locations throughout Humboldt County. Call the Redwood Vet Center at 444-8271 to sign up or to arrange for free transportation. You may call the same number to volunteer, or call VFP-56 representative Rob Hepburn at 822-4975. For details on the history of stand downs in

the U.S., and what is happening locally, check out the web page at <<http://www.vietvets.org/ncsd>>.

NORTH COAST STAND DOWN
Respect, Honor & Dignity for Our Fellow Veterans
 Come join us for food, camaraderie, entertainment and services.
 All veterans and their families are welcome!

THE FOLLOWING SERVICES WILL BE AVAILABLE:

- Spiritual support and counseling services
- Social Security information
- Agent Orange, PTSD
- Gulf War & Iraq War Veterans Information
- Employment assistance
- Veterans benefits information
- Medical screenings
- Hepatitis information
- Housing Information
- Women and Children’s Services

The Stand Down begins at 8:00 a.m. on Saturday, October 14th
 and ends at 12:00 Noon on Monday the 16th

Humboldt County Fairgrounds, 1250 5th Street, Ferndale, California
 To arrange for free transportation, call 444-8271.

VFP Member Profile: Fred's Path

by Becky Luening

Fred Hummel was born in 1926 and raised in a town that bordered on Newark, New Jersey. He had two sisters, one older and one younger. World War II was raging during his high school years and many of the older kids from his school—some enlisted, some drafted—were already fighting in Europe. Fred couldn't wait to join the action. He enlisted in the Naval Reserve at age 17, waiting until after graduation only because parents wouldn't sign until he graduated. (Only later did he realize could have easily forged his papers, as many other young servicemen had.)

Wartime propaganda painted Japan as an evil empire and portrayed Japanese as vermin. After enlisting, Naval training films continued to drive home the threat of the "Yellow Peril," and Fred learned well this lesson of hating the enemy. Gung ho, he was set to kill every Jap he saw.

But he never got a chance. It was the end of 1943 by the time he signed up. His technical training lasted until August of 1944, after which he shipped out to California where he was assigned to a Carrier Aircraft Service Unit. At this time the Navy was active mostly in the Pacific Theater and this is where the big carrier task forces operated. A task force was typically one or more carriers supported by tankers carrying aviation fuel, along with destroyers to protect it and other support ships as well. Each carrier task force was a fleet unto itself. Very few battleships were seen after Pearl Harbor. Fred's unit in California took carrier air groups from the Pacific Theater that were all shot up, gave them new planes, new crew, and trained them until they were ready to go out to sea again.

Soon after getting the hang of this job, Fred volunteered for sea duty. He was told nothing was available, but he was persistent, and about once a month he would attempt to volunteer again. After being in the Navy for a year and a half, one day he asked for leave. With a line lifted right out of *Catch 22*, the commander told him, "We can't give you leave unless you volunteer for sea duty."

Finally, after returning from leave, Fred shipped out to sea aboard the USS *Hornet*, CV12, an Essex class carrier, destined for the "Battle of Japan." But the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima before they shipped out, and the second bomb was dropped on Nagasaki right afterward, so there was no battle. Instead, the ship was redirected to Oahu, Hawaii to pick up soldiers and bring them back to California. Consequently, Fred was on board with some of the first troops to return to San Francisco after the war ended. It was quite an experience for a young sailor. They were all lined up on the flight deck when they passed under the Golden Gate Bridge, and when the ship reached the port there was a big sensation-

al welcome, including fireboats shooting water in the air.

But Fred never saw combat. And he didn't spend much more time at sea either. After that first trip from Oahu to California, he and the rest of the carrier air group he served in were left on shore in Hawaii to free up more space on the hanger deck and all the bunks so more soldiers could be taken home. After his group was kicked off the carrier, they enjoyed leisurely service in Oahu.

Fred was trained to service aviation ordnance—everything from mines, to torpedoes, to bombs, to machine guns, even handguns—basically, everything that killed people from airplanes. His ultimate rank was AOM3C (Aviation Ordnance Man Third Class). His main duty was servicing armament on the airplanes and he was finally assigned to the dive-bomber squadron, VB19 of Carrier AirGroup 19 which flew SB2C

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Helldivers, VF19 flew the first FBF Bearcats fighter planes, VT19 flew the awkward, slow TBM torpedo bombers.

After the war ended, these squadrons didn't fly much as a group, so there wasn't a lot of work to do. But if the need arose—and sometimes it did—they were there. Sometimes the ground crew flew for the fun of it, and Fred got a thrill from some of those experiences. Meanwhile, VB19 managed to throw a beer party every week on a secluded beach. Another once-a-week ritual was going out to a local restaurant where they could get filet mignon and a plate of island veggies for \$2.50 along with a big glass of Planters Punch (a strong alcoholic drink) for \$1.00. Fred and the others in his squadron were issued liberty cards that let them get off base anytime. "The locals hated us," he commented. The islands had been inundated with military servicemen for the duration of the war—young men who liked to drink and carouse on their days off. Now, with the war over, their welcome was wearing thin.

Finally, after what felt like a long vacation, Fred was discharged in May of 1946 at the ripe age of 19. He returned to Newark, and within a month he was hired by New Jersey Bell—a career job that would last for 33 years.



Fred admits he was pretty susceptible to the war propaganda as a young man, and relatively naïve. As he matured and began to read and think about world affairs, Fred's critical thinking skills also matured. He credits his parents for starting him off with a good set of morals. He also had the good fortune of living in a metropolitan area where he had access to many different sources of information. Manhattan was his playground. "There were writers like Jack Anderson, Izzy Stone, *The Village Voice*—the media was a lot different then." At that time there were two papers in Newark: *The Ledger*, which was left of center, and another paper that was very conservative. There was also a very right-wing New York City paper, *The Daily News*. *The New York Times* was not a left-wing paper, but published articles with a lot of detail. Unlike today, "there were people on television news you could trust to a certain extent, such as Walter Cronkite."

So, living in New Jersey, Fred had access to a variety of information and schools of thought that may not have been available to someone in a small town in Kansas. Later, through his own political activities, he became aware of corruption in the political system. "The more you get involved, the more you learn," he mused. Eventually he came to a very different perspective on foreign relations. "This is not rocket science. You're either trying to help people or you're killing people." The Cold War thing never made sense to Fred—the idea of dragging the whole world into a battle between capitalism and communism. And when things were heating up in Vietnam, he knew from his readings that Ho Chi Minh had once been an ally of the United States, but then suddenly he was turned into our mortal enemy. That was just one of the details that clued him in to the fact that the war was a set-up from the beginning.

Fred was into racing cars between 1959 and '69, and met his wife Barbara at a racetrack in Thompson, Connecticut. She lived in Maine and was teaching in New Jersey. They met in the pits. They began dating and were married in 1966.

Fred and Barbara protested the Vietnam war together. They marched in New York and in D.C. Fred recalls his very first demonstration in 1968, reading the names of the dead in front of the old Presbyterian church in Military Park in Newark where the revolutionary soldiers used to drill. One of the thrills of his life was marching alongside members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, all pretty old by that time, at a demonstration in New York City. He was so proud to be there with them. He continued protesting until the end of the war.

One of his allies during this time was a state assemblyman who talked Fred into getting involved in Democratic Party politics. In 1972 Fred and Barbara managed the state McGovern for President primary campaign in Roselle Park, New Jersey. Fred then became chair for one year of a group called New Democratic Coalition, a progressive segment of the Democratic Party and ran for Central Committeeman in

his county. To illustrate how corrupt things were, at that time in local Democratic politics the most important position to be elected to was sheriff, because the sheriff could hand out the most patronage jobs of any other elected officials. So, patronage, not issues, was the focus of the local party.

Although Fred and his associates ended up doing a pretty good job of cleaning up the corruption in local Democratic politics, after the young people involved in the clean-up campaign backed off of politics and turned to raising families and pursuing other goals, the corruption returned within two years. Through this experience, Fred learned a good lesson about the need for ongoing vigilance in addressing corruption.

In 1979, Fred retired from New Jersey Bell, intending to settle in California but instead

somehow ended up in Brookings, Oregon. Although Fred was happy in his marriage, his wife had other aspirations, and he found himself divorced in 1983 after being married for 17 years. It was a tough time.

Fred didn't retire from politics after moving to Brookings. His big issue there was land use. He became involved in fighting—and winning—land use cases against the city (without an attorney) and when these issues kept re-emerging, he finally decided to run for mayor. He served as mayor of Brookings for two terms, but the council was loaded with developers so he finally decided he could be more effective off the council, and went back to work for the land use organization he'd set up in mid-'80s.

Very few people know that the Brookings area was bombed in 1942 during WWII. The Japanese dropped bombs from an aircraft launched from a submarine. In retaliation for the Doolittle Raid on Tokyo (in which General Jimmy

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Doolittle flew a squadron of fully loaded B25s off an aircraft carrier), the Japanese dropped incendiary bombs in the national forest, hoping to draw all the working people out of the war factories to fight forest fires. While Fred was Mayor of Brookings, the Japanese pilot who did this dirty deed visited Brookings on three separate occasions to express his remorse and make restitution. He went so far as to present his family's 400-year-old Samurai sword to the city as a gift. The sword now hangs in the Brookings Public Library (a beautiful library built and paid for by the people—another project worked on by Fred).

At the site where the bomb fell, up in the Siskiyou National

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How I Spent My Summer Vacation: Reflections on the Veterans Ride and the VFP Convention

by Becky Luening

I've already written and posted a "blog" about the bike ride on the VFP56 website, accompanied by many beautiful photographs shot by Don Maddox <<http://www.vfp56.org/seattle.html>>, so I won't repeat the full adventures here. Instead, I offer a few reflections on the ride as well as the convention.

SUSTAINABILITY

The theme of our human-powered ride was peace and sustainability. How successful were we in modeling sustainability? I would say that, similar to the Reggae on the River food booth organizers, we did pretty well for our first time out, but there is a lot of room for improvement. I mean Sandy Kelson made a big joke about the fact that he flew all the way from Pittsburgh to Portland to join this ride—not exactly a model of sustainability. And Mark Dubrow figured, in retrospect, that with all the doubling back he did in his biodiesel van to check on cyclists during each day's trip, he'd actually driven two or three times the distance he would have driven on a linear round-trip over the same route. As this was our first long-distance ride, however, the vehicle support was indispensable.

Nevertheless, each individual cyclist did pedal all those miles from Eugene to Seattle and that was a powerful statement in and of itself. Thousands if not millions of people in cars saw us cycling down the same roads they were driving. Framing the ride the way we did enabled lots of great events and conversations to take place at stops along the way. It sometimes seemed we were breaking ground, getting peace activists to think about the many ways in which their own personal lifestyle choices fuel the need for war—or not. Transportation is just one such choice, but a very visible one. And even though an individual's choice to bicycle rather than drive a car may be just a drop in the bucket toward societal change, its impact on that individual's life can be huge. The change ripples out from there.

THE JOY OF RIDING

For me, the central joy of this summer's adventure was the act of cycling. It was keenest at that moment when we all mounted

our bikes in the morning or after a long break and began pedaling our way down the road again, heading on to our next destination. After we got into a routine, those moments were always signaled by Billy Kelly's air horn along with his yell, "Saddle up!"

There are many elements that contribute to the joy of riding, and certainly the production of endorphins is one. Beyond that is simply the unfolding of each day's unique terrain and scenery and adventure; the feeling of accomplishment at being able to propel oneself over a long distance; the experience of being outside in the fresh air rather than inside a car or building; the camaraderie of other cyclists and an appreciation of their unique riding styles and personality quirks; the blackberries; the sun, wind, fog, and rain; the discovery that what goes up must come down; and the kind of physical exhaustion that allows one to deeply appreciate an afternoon nap or a lovingly prepared meal.

HUMAN CONNECTIONS

There were a few times on the ride when hostile energy was directed at us by passing vehicles, or when we were not entirely welcome at the spot we chose to park for a break. We counted five interactions with law enforcement, including the day we received a police escort through downtown Newberg, a small town south of Portland. Other interactions with police were more confrontational, especially in Scappoose, when an on-duty policeman did his darnedest to shut down the peaceful Sunday afternoon vigil, never mind that it had been going on weekly for several years previous. In general, though, the vast majority of our interactions on the road were very positive.

The highlights of our journey were the many kindnesses of those who hosted us each night, and the inspiration gained from knowing what they were doing to make the world a better place. This included Veterans For Peace everywhere we went, the Congregational United Church of Christ and PeaceWorks in Salem, members of Oregon's Rural Organizing Project, Catholic Workers in Portland, Columbia County Citizens for Human Dignity in Scappoose, Fellowship of Reconciliation in Centralia, Quakers in Shelton, WA, and staunch Democrats in Newberg and



Early morning light

On the first day cyclists hit the road before sunrise in order to beat the heat.

FAR LEFT: Brian Willson

LEFT: Carilyn Goldammer



Shelton (including one who was running for office).

We lucked out in Olympia where we were all able to stay for four nights with Noni Owenson, the wonderful 80-year-old mother of Sonoma veteran Ted Sexauer, one of our vehicle supporters. Noni was adopted by all of us as our Olympia “Mom,” and welcomed us unconditionally. After four days of nonstop activity at her house, she begged us to leave in stages, to soften her transition back to a totally quiet house.

THE NEED FOR SAFE BIKEWAYS

We cycled on some very busy highways, as well as urban and suburban neighborhoods, with a wide variety of traffic density, bike lane conditions and widths. Some places, especially Portland, Oregon and Olympia, Washington, were very bicycle friendly, with excellent marked bike lanes and drivers who were used to bicyclists. But in some towns (notably Longview-Kelso in Southern Washington) bicycle lanes were basically non-existent and on Highway 3 between Shelton and Belfair, Washington, one driver actually yelled at us, “Get off the road!” (Full disclosure: That was the first leg on which some of our cyclists carried overtly political signs, but it was also obvious that bicyclists do not use this road much, the shoulders there were very narrow with a steep drop-off, and the car traffic was incredibly heavy.)

Many times on this ride, because of our proximity to cars that were traveling 50-60 mph or more, I could not help but think about what would happen if a car accidentally (or purposefully) grazed or hit me. I visualized myself flying through the air, rolling gracefully as I fell. Although many lovely byways we rode on were practically devoid of cars, those fear-infused moments made me more aware of the lack of safe (and preferably separate) bikeways in this country, and I vowed I would do something about that in my own locale upon returning home.

THANK YOU LT. WATADA AND IVAW

The bold action of Lieutenant Ehren Watada—resisting illegal orders to fight an illegal (and immoral) war—turned out to be one of the major themes of our ride <<http://www.thankyoult.org/>>. It all began with a speech by a fellow named Jack Dresser at our kick-off rally in Eugene. Dresser clearly laid out the case, pointing out the significance of Watada’s action—basically that by refusing orders he was putting the war on trial—a very different action than declaring

oneself a conscientious objector. Watada’s name kept coming up throughout the ride, for example in Corvallis, where the organizers of our potluck set up a support table with literature and a chance to send him a personalized postcard.

As we neared Olympia we learned that there was a good chance we would get to meet Ehren Watada there, and in fact we did, at a potluck at Evergreen College instructor Larry Mosqueda’s home. After some informal remarks by the lieutenant, a short discussion ensued. I got to tell him that in our small town of Arcata in northern California friends had organized a newspaper ad in support of his action, and he was glad to hear it. Some of us, including Noni, purchased bold “Refuse Illegal War” t-shirts from his support committee.

Of the fourteen veterans who cycled with us on our ride from Eugene to Seattle, three were young members of Iraq Veterans Against the War. <<http://www.ivaw.org/>>. Two, Joe and Eric, had served in Iraq, and the third, Ethan, is a Coast Guard vet who served in the Philippines. When we arrived in Seattle, they joined with over 60 other IVAW members in workshops and meetings to determine their strategy for bringing this war to an end. Included were Camilo Mejia and Tim Goodrich, who participated in our April 2005 teach-in. It was exciting to see so many young veterans following in the footsteps of VVAW and VFP.

For me, one of the highlights of the convention was witnessing press conferences held for two young veterans. Ricky Clousing is a Fort Bragg paratrooper who left his post in June 2005, turned himself in to military authorities after holding a press conference on the University of Washington campus <<http://www.sdmcc.org/rickyclousing/>>. His unit was deployed to Iraq in December 2004 where he served as an intelligence interrogator for about five months. He later walked away from his barracks because he objected to the war. Charged with desertion, his case has been referred to a special court-martial.

At a press conference held on behalf of Suzanne Swift <<http://suzanneswift.org/>> her mother Sara Rich (who also spoke our Eugene rally), joined a handful of women veterans to raise awareness of Suzanne’s case and the chronic problem of sexual harassment and abuse in the military. Spc. Swift, facing a redeployment to Iraq while serving under the command of the same individuals that allowed her to be raped and sexual harassed, suffered a breakdown due to Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, and went absent without leave rather than subject herself to the

continued on page 7...

RIGHT: Mark Dubrow and a Scappoose policeman exchange words.

FAR RIGHT: The terrain between Bremerton and Seattle, Washington was totally flat.

PHOTOS BY DON MADDOX



Rasta Report

by Peter Aronson

VFP's first attempt at vending food at Reggae on the River was a wonderful success!

We began this project with several objectives, all of which were met. We wanted to become annual vendors to establish a fundraising opportunity for the chapter. We wanted to provide good food at a fair price, and we wanted to connect with key people in the vendor and festival community. We also wanted to make money. All were accomplished thanks to generous offerings of front money, and lots of amazing volunteers.



BOB DORAN

Jim Sorter mans VFP56's Reggae booth.

We learned a ton. Preparing too much of some items and not enough of others; underestimating the value of better pre-event organization and crew orientation; thawing the frozen stuff sooner; and many other elements will be improved and made more user friendly in the future. With our new perspective and experience we may well increase the thousands made this year. It was a financial and general success, especially for being our first attempt.

We offered a Mexican dinner of carne asada, seitan asada, chile rellenos, black beans and rice, jicama-mango salad, and cheesecake (plain and strawberry). Corn tortillas, a great salsa, limes, onion and cilantro were provided. Many unsolicited raves about the quality of food and the generous portions were received, including by people who have vended for 20 years.

Without the kind and generous out-of-pocket front money from Fred Hummel, Tom Pinto, Bill & June Thompson, Jim & Linda Sorter, Chuck & Marilyn Dewitt, Doug & Ann Smith, Peter Aronson, Rich & Gay Gilchrist, and Gordy Anderson, we would not have been able to operate on this scale. Community members like Bill Pierson (and Morgan Randall from Pierson's) donated all the booth materials. Janet Arrington (Arrington's Apples) offered her approved kitchen, some cold storage, and our relleno recipe. Ashley Kunisaki made our delicious rellenos. Rick Reeves, a local butcher, volunteered hours cutting meat (as did our crew). Tamra Tafoya of Celebrations Catering was indispensable and shared her kitchen, her expertise, and arranged for lots of freezer and cold storage space, for the rental of the community kitchen at

Foodworks, and made lots of rice. Jeff Jordan Produce was fabulous for transporting our oversized load from Arcata, and for days of on-site cold storage. He was so flexible and kind, given our rookie year. Tammy Inclan made gallons of outrageous salsa—yum! Martha Devine loaned us important equipment and some critical instruction. Thanks go to May for the second steam table and to David for the salsa and rice as well as the very helpful loan of the thick metal griddle.

Off-site crew contributions were huge. Hours and days were spent in preparation of many items. None would be accomplished without Nate Lomba, Kathie Kelly, Gay Gilchrist, Fred Hummel, Bill Thompson, Jim Smith, Carl Stancil, John McAlinn, Rob Hepburn, John Schaefer, Steve Sottong, Laura Simpson, Carol Pridgeon, Geoffery Smith and Jessica McGuinty. The off-site crew was indispensable.

Thanks too to the on-site maniacs, many of whom worked until 3:30 or after! Doug Smith, Deja Bailey, Catsey Heath, Beth Abels, Chuck Rogers, Steve Robinson, Jim Smith, Jim & Linda Sorter, Peter Aronson, Gordy Anderson, Kim Dennig & Alex, Peter Jain, Karen Diers, Nicole Reis, Larry Hournay, Dave Berman, Giaco Yanez, Tom Pinto, Fred Hauck, and John McAlinn really put out and made this happen.

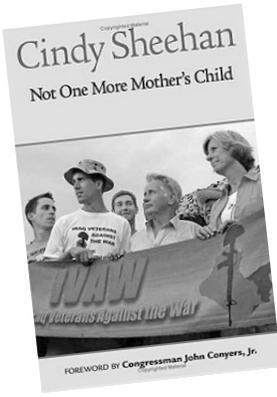
From our planning committee, who met weekly for months, to all of our crewmembers, we send our sincere thanks for our great first-year success.

FRED'S PATH ...from page 3

Forest just east of Brookings, a young redwood tree was planted by the Japanese pilot, Nobuo Fujita (since deceased) and Fred, representing the City of Brookings, as a memorial in 1991. There is an informational gazebo there too. This memorial stands to remind people of what happens during wars and as a gesture of reconciliation from the Japanese. As someone who was in military service during the same era, Fred could not help but think that, had he been a little younger, he might have met this pilot face-to-face in battle. He is thankful to have met him face-to-face in a meaningful ceremony of peace instead.

Three years after he was diagnosed with leukemia in 1998, Fred moved to Humboldt County to be closer to a provider of specialized medical care. He chose Arcata over Medford or Eugene, Oregon because of the town's progressive politics and its coastal location. He had met Bill Thompson when VFP Chapter 56 came to march in one of Brookings' big festival parades and had actually joined Veterans For Peace in 1992 before moving here. Upon relocating, he embraced the Humboldt Bay chapter and soon became one its active members. Although the leukemia is starting to catch up with him and chemo sessions sometimes hamper his activity level, Fred remains active in Veterans For Peace, most notably on the VEOP and DU/WMD committees, continuing to walk with other veterans the long path of peace.





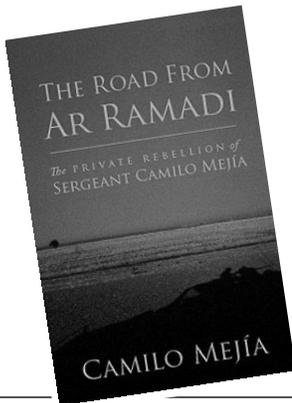
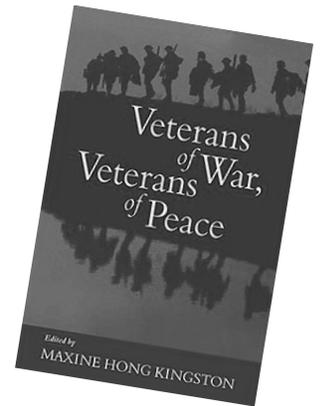
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NOT ONE MORE MOTHER'S CHILD
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"[Cindy is] more informed than most U.S. Congresspeople."
 —Chris Matthews, on *Hardball*

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The inspiring story of a soldier who fought in Iraq and refused to return.

Sgt. Mejía and his 600 co-deserters could well be the harbingers of a new GI movement.
 —Clancy Sigal, *The Guardian*

RIDE REPORT ...from page 5

horrors she experienced during her first tour of duty. For many who were there, the climax of the VFP convention in Seattle was the speech delivered by Lt. Ehren Watada at the Saturday night banquet. It was a powerful moment when Watada walked on stage and the IVAW vets, in a surprise move, followed and stood behind him on stage as he made his speech. The most important, and now famous, line of this speech was his simple statement that "to stop an illegal and unjust war, soldiers can choose to stop fighting it." This comment earned him an additional specification under the charge of Conduct Unbecoming an Officer and a

Gentleman in the U.S. Army's case against him. After our long bicycling journey was over and the excitement of the convention had faded, the power of Lt. Ehren Watada's simple words stayed with me. Along with the fearless and passionate actions of other young veterans, Watada's quiet defiance gives me great hope. I urge everyone in VFP to support his actions and those of IVAW members in every way possible. They represent the future of our anti-war movement.



MARK DUBROW

Cyclists, led by Dave Tschoepe, make their grand entrance at the VFP convention's opening plenary.

NOTE: Brian, Becky and Kathie Kelly rode their cycles home along the Oregon Coast, with sag support provided by Mark Dubrow. At the conclusion of the journey, Brian's odometer read 930 total miles.





**Veterans For Peace
Chapter 56**

**NEW Phone: 707-822-4975
Email: VFP56@aol.com**

**WE'RE ON THE WEB!
<http://www.vfp56.org>**

**COORDINATING
COMMITTEE**

Steve Stamnes Rob Hepburn
Nate Lomba Linda Sorter
Jim Sorter Gordon Anderson
Kathie Kelly

**STANDING
COMMITTEES**

**WMD/DU: Peter Aronson
General Store: Doug Smith
Media: Becky Luening
VEOP: Laura Simpson
Carl Stancil**

LET US HEAR FROM YOU!

If you would like to submit an article, opinion, comment or response to anything you have read that might interest the members of VFP-56, please email it to turtldncer@aol.com in Word format, or mail to Jim Sorter at 1762 Buttermilk Lane, Arcata, CA 95521. Submissions will be included on a first come basis until the newsletter is full. Late arriving submissions will be archived for future issues.

NEXT VFP 56 MEETING

October 5, 2006 • 7:00 pm

Marsh Commons, 101 H Street, Arcata, California

Info: 707-822-4975 • www.vfp56.org

••• SPECIAL PRE-MEETING FILM SCREENING AT 6:15 •••

Associate member Mark Dubrow screens three video shorts for your enjoyment **Thursday evening, October 5, prior to the VFP meeting at the Marsh Commons.** First up is a documentary of Brian Willson training for the long cycling trip to Seattle. Next up is the speech Brian gave in Salem, OR combined with a montage of visuals from the bike ride. And finally, Lt. Ehren Watada's powerful speech delivered at the Seattle convention banquet. Altogether the three shorts run approximately 35 minutes. **The show starts promptly at 6:15pm.**



**Veterans For Peace Chapter 56
P.O. Box 532
Bayside, CA 95524**



DON MADDOX

VFP56 member Don Maddox relaxes in Newberg, Oregon on the third day of the Veterans Human-powered Ride for Peace & Sustainability. To Don's right is Lane Anderson from Santa Barbara, who co-instigated the ride with Brian Willson. Lane, who has weak knees, rode a prototype "Excycle" bike, designed to enable arm-powered boosts when needed. See more of Don's photos from the ride on pages 4-5.